**“Awww! Mom, I really wanted that dog!” I whined to my mom in the front seat of her car while squirming in my seat uncomfortably.**

**“Those little jumping balls of fur?” My brother questioned from my right with a laugh, “Those things are like Grandpa’s head, when he had hair, blown up like a balloon and on steroids.”**

**The whole car burst out with laughter. Not from the joke, but imagining Grandpa with hair. Grandpa hasn’t had hair since Clinton was president!**

**Wrapping up his final laughs, and trying to keep a straight face, Dad continued on our *original* conversation.**

**“You don’t want *those* yappy dogs,” He stated while shoving his glasses up his nose, “You just want *a* dog.”**

**Right at that second, that moment, I realized that he was right. I then became thankful I didn’t come home with a dancing ball of fur.**

**“And,” Mom started out as she twisted into a short right turn, “I found a really nice dog from a rescue that I think you two might like very much.”**

**“Ooh!” I yelped while clapping my hands, “Can we go see her now?”**

**Mom looked over at Dad with a questioning look. She always does this to my Dad; it’s her own way of asking if it’s okay, without her actually saying the words aloud. Maybe she does this because she thinks that we don’t know she’s really agreeing to it right at that moment, but hey! Jace and I live together! We’re not as stupid as we might look!**

**After a few awkward thinking seconds, Dad shrugged.**

**“Fine,” he replied with a sigh, “If it will get the kids off my back.”**

**As he said this he looked back at us with a serious look, which then transformed into a warm, comforting smile. I giggled. I turn over to Jace, and he’s giggling too! It’s a pretty odd sight to see a 13-year old boy giggle, but I guess it happens, because I saw it right before my eyes!**

**The car swerved into a hard left to reveal a beautiful sight of trees, bushes, and a wonderful arrangement of flowers and vegetables.**

**“That’s where I want to live when I grow up!” I exclaimed as we pulled up the long, twisting driveway. This wasn’t an especially large house, nor was it a puny cottage, but it was the amazing connection with nature that this house seemed to have. The structure was welcoming, warming, and just beautiful!**

**“The house *is* very pretty,” my mom replied very gently to me, “It’s a home to a Rogers Rescue’s foster family, a nice couple and maybe even home for our new future dog.”**

**“Hopefully not too far into the future,” I mumbled under my breath as I climbed out of the car. We trudged up the front cement sidewalk, and halted at the towering solid oak door.**

**I walk up to ring the doorbell, but as soon as my fingers touched the bell, the door swung open and presented us with a relaxing home. As we stepped into the warm household, we met the members of the room. They’re nice, probably in their early 40s, and an average couple.**

**We are ushered into the living room where a barking, not yapping, but barking, black mutt stood with long ears, a pink stomach, and a little tuft of fur on her chest.**

**I bent down to her level and gently stroked her head with a smile.**

**“Good girl,” I said softly, still petting her ruffled fur.**

**“Her name is Lucy,” the wife replied gently as if she realizes I’m in my own world.**

**The whole world seems to escape around me. I couldn’t think about anything else but Lucy. I crouched down further, sitting now, but then she leapt on to my shoulders, and attacked my face with her tongue! With any other dog, I would’ve pulled away, even my aunt’s dog, Daisy, whom I’ve known for five years! But this was different, way different, because I just sat there, with her paws on my shoulders, attacking my face, and I slowly wrapped my arms around her. Right then, at that moment, I saw Lucy look up at me, almost smiling. Lucy is the cute little puppy dog that I knew I would love, and would be my best friend forever.**